No, indeed, not I!

WHEN May-day buds on t-ees were
ſeen,
And flowerets deck'd each ground,
When my laſt birth-day told eighteen,
And time came ſmiling round;
My mother oft with anxious care,
With how, and where, and when,
Wou'd tell of many a wily ſnare
That ſhe'd eſcap'd from men;
Then bid me ſhun young jockey's art,
And his embraces fly,
Leſt he ſhould ſteal my ſimple heart,
But no, indeed, not I.

His hair was flax'n, and he ſung
Like any nightingale,
His cheeks were roſy, and his tongue
Told many a flattering tale;
He met me here, he met me there,
With kiſs, and ſong, and ſmile,
At mill and meadow, wake and fair,
And at the milking ſtile,
By chance as twere, by night or noon,
To meet him I wou'd fly,
But if he aſk'd the ſmalleſt boon,
It was no, indeed, not I.

Poor Jockey vex'd to be ſo teaz'd,
Reſolv'd my love to prove,
No more the ſtruggling kiſs he ſeiz'd,
Nor ſought me in the grove;
He toy'd with Kitty of the Green,
He gave her kiſſes three,
By Bridget of the Brook twas ſeen,
It was Bridget told it me;
She fleer'd and call'd me fuſty maid,
That now alone muſt lie,
I petiſh flounc'd away, and ſaid,
Pſhaw, no indeed, not I.

At length he aſk'd of me to wed,
With many a tender vow,
I ſimper'd, ſmil'd, and hung my head,
And look'd I ſcarce knew how;
I wiſh'd, I fear'd, I ſcarce knew what,
I bluſh'd, and begg'd, and ſigh'd;
Said he, my Patty ſurely not
Refuſe to be my bride;
Lord help me, how could I refrain,
It were ſinful now to lie,
So when he aſk'd me that again,
It was no, indeed, not I.